

The Silk Panic.

The enormous importations of silk from the eastern empire to England—the consequent depletion and depression of the money market in England, and the financial ruin produced by this money panic are causing the Scotch to look about for some remedy. It is ascertained that more silk is consumed by American and British ladies than the two countries produce of cotton and wool, and the fabrics of these materials. The silken deluge pours in from China, the Indies, Hindostan, and Southern Asia generally, and the tide of British and American coin goes to fill the coffers of the dusky Mongolians, leaving distress and hard times to the husbands of our luxurious sweethearts sisters and daughters. Our able cotemporary of the Cincinnati Gazette says:

The evil to which reference has been made, view it as we may, is one of great magnitude, and if not checked it will in the end cure itself. Nothing more certain than this. In the event of its being left to effect its own cure the treatment will be severe and exceedingly disagreeable. This is a matter for consumers of silks and all others interested, to think about.

Exactly.—“You see ladies your extravagance of silks depresses the Bourse, makes consols bad sales—breaks up British banks, etc., etc. Now think about it ladies and correct all this evil.”

We can bear the reply of the ladies of America to this wise and appropriate suggestion:

“Why, la, sir, what do we care for consols, or Bourse, or British banks?—Angelica will be Mrs. Nincompoop's party with her new brocade—and a new brocade I must have.”

We are disposed to think the *vis medicatrix nature* of which the Gazette speaks will have to effect the cure, if the great national difficulty is left to the ladies.

We shall have cheap silks and there will be a general “pitching in” among the fair sex till the rat-eating Chinese “dry up.”

The Arrowsmith Hoax.

The London Times, with all its magnitude and power appears to be one of the most glibly of journals. A crazy American, named Arrowsmith, of New Orleans, wrote a sketch of a railroad ride from Macon to Augusta (Ga.) in which he states that ten duels were fought in succession in the smoking car, seven of them fatal, and four to be fought after the writer left. All these duels were about a young lady passenger, and all originated from the journey. Gentlemen from the ages of eighteen to eighty was engaged in them. One of the duellists killed four men in succession, and on the fifth duel was shot dead himself, etc., etc.

The details of this remarkable proceeding are given with historic accuracy, and the writer gravely assures the Times that it is no uncommon amusement on American railways. The Times swallowed it all, and gave the American people a fierce abusing for their barbarity—and the cream of the joke is that the Times sticks to it, and belabors us daily with all the aphorisms of George Fox. For instance it gravely tells its readers that the state of things now existing in America must very shortly result in the extinction of the race. That like a lot of scorpions we will eat each other up! It is difficult for an American to conceive of such monstrous stupidity and ignorance on the part of our John Bull cousins.

“SEVEN MEN IN BUCKRAM.”—The loco papers throughout the district are engaged in a most delicious game of Tickle me, Tommy, tickle me, do!

The small peck of Beans of Bucyrus ki-yi-yi's over a straw stuck at him by the wag Boreman of Fremont—who calls him the leader! Beans about a sufficient “yah! yah!” turns about to lather the magnificent stump orators. Tunisian and Pike come in for thundering encomiums. Such a grinning, nudging, kicking up, and poking in the ribs as they are having of it is seldom seen. Poor simple devils!

A Pledge.

If SLAVERY is not materially extended and strengthened by the incoming Administration we will abandon our opposition to the Buchanan party, and go in heart and hand for their policy in that particular.

So much for our pledge; but there is not an intelligent man in the United States who does not know that it will be both extended and strengthened to the utmost extent within the powers of the government.

The Pro-Slavery Man in Training.

It is generally understood among the knowing circles that Jimmy Buchanan is to be well drilled before he is permitted to hold the reins of government. He is not yet president, and unless he gives satisfaction guarantees to the South, he will not be. It will be very easy for the Southern electors to draw off another man, and let Jimmy drop.

Governor Wise is visiting Buchanan and will doubtless have the policy of the government arranged and secured to suit the fire eaters. Any man who can sign the Ostend manifesto, will not hesitate on any terms his masters might propose.—Those who anticipate any improvement on Pierce by Buchanan are destined to a disappointment.

CABINET MAKING.—The news papers are all busy arranging Buchanan's cabinet for him. The Enquirer seconded by some other like stamp and influence nominate HENRIET V. JOHNSON of Georgia, for Premier and JOHN A. QUINCY for Secretary of War. This indicates the conquest of Cuba and the seizure of Nicaragua—all well stocked, or to be stocked with the niggers.

The same sheets name JOSEPH A. WRIGHT of Indiana for Sec. of the Interior, and DAN. S. DICKINSON for the Treasury. So far this is a regular fill-buster card—a move toward a somewhat higher standard in the slave-extension policy than that adopted by Pierce.

Sam Medary is bobbing for the Post Office General. Sam was too fierce a Douglas man to get any oars from the Ostend Buck.

NEWSPAPERS, About ten years ago a very popular motto among the members of the “fourth estate of the realm” was “Neutral in politics and religion.”—and papers of this class attained the most extensive circulation. This motto was soon changed for the more plucky one of “Independent in all things—neutral in nothing.” This motto however usually prefaced a wishy-washy sheet, non-committal, timorous, and useless except as a medium of amusement and news,—and of no great value even in those departments.

These papers however continued to flourish till the great political era, marked by the demise of the Whig party and the inauguration of the slavery extension policy of the “democratic” party in 1854.—Since that period we do not know of a solitary sheet left in the country of the old “Neutral” or so called “Independent” species,—every one has wheeled into ranks on one side or the other and donned the political armor; and such is the liberality of the intelligent public that they usually retained their patrons among those against whom they arrayed themselves. The very magazines caught the infection—and when the old party Reviews dropped to oblivion, we find Putnam catching up their gunnats, and his rival putting side blows wherever they could. We regard this as a favorable indication of the progress of American mind, and the increasing love of truth, boldly and manfully spoken. American men and women have outgrown the sugar plums and sweet mists of literature which tickled their palates in mental childhood, and now demand the more solid aliment of great truths and general principles. Let this progress become universal in our nation, and we will shortly be a race of giants—warring for the cause of Liberty with a power irresistible.

Buck-African Gles.

South Carolina, Whippoor Swamp, the pens of Georgia and Red River, and all the South except Maryland having gone for the crimes of Kansas, the burning of free presses, the annexation and equality of Spanish cut-throats and bigots of Cuba with American citizens, and the whole slave extending programme, the Buck-Africans are bound to exhibit their joy.

Very appropriately, the orgies are under the immediate control of T. O. TEXAS, Marshal in Chief,—the man, it will be remembered, who was kicked out of the loco loco party by the *Advertiser*, and kicked back into it again by the *Times*. He is to be supported with amazing “galantry” by Capt. W.—allenstein Lang. The Capt. will appear muzzled up, a flaming rooster tail a la “Samuel” of the *Freischuetz* in his cap, that same old Bologna in his fist,—the admiration of all the ladies, the astonishment of all the small boys with holes in their trousers!

Mr. Lewis H. PKE is to be Tumblebug's left hand man,—immaculate trio! Let them glorify. They have barely succeeded in finding doughfaces enough to give the slave breeders the rule over the country. Let them glorify over the present condition of the Freeman's heritage, Kansas,—over the lecherous dogs of Utah,—over the blood of butchered freemen and the ruins of freemen's presses and property.—Their triumph will be short.

The Plain Dealer blasphemes viciously because some persons prayed for the defeat of the pro-slavery ticket. We were aware that a christian praying was an unpleasant sight for the devil; but not that such a scene would throw any mere man into a rage. That editor must be pretty far gone.

The Court of Common Pleas closed its session on Monday. Nothing of importance was heard after the LEMON slander trial.

Buchanan's Slavery and Polygamy.

The Mormons have taken sides with their friends and declare for Buchanan. This is perfectly proper—*par nobis fratrum*. Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan were according to Mr. Fillmore's opinion fighting each others' battles in the late contest, and we see no good reason why Brigham Young, Mr. Fillmore's Governor in Utah, should not enlist for Mr. Buchanan. Below we give the proclamation issued by the Saints of Great Salt Lake to the faithful. It promises them a good time coming, “when seven women shall lay hold of one man,” under Buchanan's direction:

“The rivalry for clover seed in the street is somewhat amusing. The farmer with his head is pounced upon as a hawk would dive on a pullet. Seed ranges from \$5.00 to \$5.40, owing to quality. By a sharp dicker a good article will bring the latter price. Trot it in, friends, and then keep a stiff upper lip.”

Episcopal Supper.

The ladies of the Episcopal Church gave a supper last evening at Webster Hall for the benefit of the new church edifice, now nearly complete. It was an agreeable affair and the hours glided off to the satisfaction of all the guests in good and pious purposes intent.

The Findlay Courier nominates H. B. PATTER for Loco candidate for Governor next fall, and WM. SAWYER (sausage) for Lieut. or vice versa. We second the vice versa. Give us “old sausages” and we'll make a cured “balogna” of him, sure.

PRENTICE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Louisville Journal thinks that though there may be some difference of opinion in South Carolina as to the best means of accomplishing disunion, yet as respects disunion, itself, the State is unquestionably for disunion. It adds:

Well, we, in common with the public generally; only wish that it were practical to give her what she wants. She is an insatiable pest. We wish from the bottom of our hearts, that she could be kicked out of the Union into the middle of the Atlantic.

The Seconds of Eternity.

Prof. Mitchell, in one of his recent lectures, describing the gradual tendency of the earth's orbit to assume a circular form, used the following magnificent illustration:

Its short diameter was gradually lengthening, and would continue so to expand till it should become perfectly circular, when it would again contract to its original shape and dimensions. And so the earth would vibrate periodically, and these periods were measured by millions of years. Thus—said Mitchell—the earth will continue to swing back and forth, and to and fro in the heavens, like a great pendulum beating the seconds of eternity.

Sad Accident—A Sister Shot by a Brother.

A correspondent at Freehold, De Kalb County, Minnesota Territory, writes as follows:

On Tuesday last, October 14th, a young man named Harvey Losee and his sister Cynthia, a girl of fourteen years, was returning through some timber where they had been gathering nuts, when they were menaced by a bull, and the young man, having taken his gun for the purpose of shooting squirrels, was in the act of raising to shoot the animal, when one of the barrels was accidentally discharged, lodging the whole charge in the head of the unfortunate girl, killing her instantly.

Curious Effect of a Powder Mill's Explosion.

You have probably told your readers of the explosion of the Acton Powder Mills. It exceeded in its terrific effects and previous one. But two lives were lost. One man was torn into fragments. The second was thrown to a great distance and stripped of everything but his India rubber shoes. Poor fellow! He had been at the dangerous work but one day. The mill that first exploded was running with no one in it at that moment. When this went off the air was filled with flying blazing timber, which in an instant communicated to two others. In one of these were the two unfortunate men who were killed. The other mill—the dry house—had but little powder in it, which blew off the roof. It then took fire and was consumed. A fourth mill had two hundred kegs of powder inside, which was not ignited, although the entire boarding was stripped off, and many beams broken. Two men were at work in the wheel pit, and crawled out in the stunning noise to see the fragments flying in all directions. It was an awful spectacle. Three mills exploded. The wind was very high and the woods took fire. It was expected that the shattered mill, from which the men had escaped, would blow up every moment. The fire was seen within a rod of it, and the powder was exposed to the least spark. After watching it for some time, a man, at the hazard of his life, took a bucket of water and crawled on his knees to where the fire was blazing and extinguished it. It seems a little singular that from every building the pressure was outward. Eards were broken out of windows fell out; one front door of a large house, a quarter of a mile distant, burst out. A window in barn, a mile off, chimneys that was affected curiously.—It was set off on one side towards the mill just one brick, and left standing.

Gutta Percha Hoops for Ladies.

The ladies claim so much latitude, or rather circumference, now in the matter of dress, that it is very difficult for fashion to give spread enough to their garments without subjecting them to inconveniences not easily overcome on narrow pavements and obstructed passages. A new and better article than whale-bone, for distending the dress, has been introduced. It is a cord made of gutta percha, which is not so heavy as whale-bone, is more flexible, so that the dress can be folded close to the person, when necessary, and preserve elasticity enough to resume its proper position again. For the ladies this is just the thing needed, and it can be united by simply putting the ends in hot water. There is, therefore, no springing of the ends and tearing of the dress.—Gutta percha is one of the most useful articles known. We have no doubt that the cord above referred to would make excellent clothes' lines, and for skipping-ropes for young ladies, nothing could be better or more desirable.

SENSELESS REPLY. “To all whom it may concern.” There is a world of plain common sense in the following, if, as Hamlet says, our wisdom could but find it out. “Madam,” said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in the “best of families,” “when a man and his wife have quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?” “The best natured and wisest of the two,” said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with unctious. She had conquered!

Growth of the Lake Cities.

We give a table for the past fifteen years:

	1840.	1850.	1855.
Buffalo,	16,232	42,200	72,000
Cleveland,	6,671	17,334	55,000
Sandusky,	1,434	6,006	10,000
Toledo,	1,202	1,819	12,000
Detroit,	9,102	21,821	40,000
Chicago,	4,170	20,000	30,000
Milwaukee,	1,710	21,401	40,000

Aggregate, 41,292 170,544 392,000

PRESIDENTIAL STATISTICS.

We lay before our readers to-day some political statistics, which will be found of value in calculating the result of the Presidential contest. They embrace facts which should be familiar to every politician, and will be found useful for preservation and reference.

The following table exhibits the electoral votes given for the most prominent candidates for President and Vice President of the United States at the different elections since the establishment of the Federal Government. The elections for the earlier terms were conducted differently from the present practice. The President and Vice President were voted for indiscriminately, the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in the electoral college being chosen President, and the one receiving the next highest vote was elected Vice President. This provision of the Constitution was in force until the fourth term, in 1805, when Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received an equal number of electoral votes, and a number sufficient to elect both to the highest office. In consequence of this tie, the election was thrown into the House, and it was only after thirty-six ballottings that Jefferson was elected President and Burr Vice President.

1789. G. Washington 69; John Adams 34—elected President and Vice President. Thirty-five votes were given for other candidates. Washington received all the electoral votes.

1792. G. Washington 131; John Adams 77—and they were elected. George Clinton had 69; Thomas Jefferson 4; and Aaron Burr 1. Washington again received all the electoral votes.

1796. John Adams 71; Thomas Jefferson 68; others 137.

1800. Thomas Jefferson 73; Aaron Burr 73; John Adams 65; C. C. Pinckney 64; John Jay 1. Jefferson was elected President and Burr Vice President by Congress.

1804. President—T. Jefferson 162; Charles C. Pinckney 14. Vice President—George Clinton 163; B. King 14.

1808. President—James Madison 162; Charles C. Pinckney 49; George Clinton 6. Vice President—G. Clinton 110; B. King 47; James Madison 3; James Monroe 8; John Langdon 9.

1812. President—James Madison 128; De Witt Clinton 89. Vice President—E. Gerry 131; J. Ingersoll 96.

1816. President—J. Monroe 183; R. King 34; Vice President—D. D. Tompkins 114; position scattering.

1820. President J. Monroe 231, no opposition except one vote given from New Hampshire for J. Q. Adams. Vice President D. D. Tompkins 217; position divided.

1824. President—A. Jackson 99; J. Q. Adams 84; W. H. Crawford 41; H. Clay 37. Vice President—John C. Calhoun 182; position scattering. Neither of the persons voted for as President having received a majority, it devolved on the House of Representatives to choose a President from the three highest on the list. John Q. Adams was elected on the first ballot.

1828. President—Andrew Jackson 178; J. Q. Adams 83. Vice President—John C. Calhoun 171; R. Rush 83.

1832. President—A. Jackson 219, H. Clay 40; John Floyd 11; Wm. Wirt 7. Vice President—Martin Van Buren 189; John Sergeant 49; Wm. Watkins 39; Henry Lee 11; Levi Ellmaker 7.

1836. President—Martin Van Buren 170; Wm. H. Harrison 73; Hugh L. White 26; W. P. Mangum 11; Daniel Webster 14. Vice President—R. M. Johnson, 147; Francis Ganger 63; scattering 84.

1840. Wm. H. Harrison 234; M. Van Buren 60. Vice President—Tyler 234; R. M. Johnson 48; L. Tazewell 11; James K. Polk 1.

1844. President—James K. Polk 170; Henry Clay 105. Vice President—George M. Dallas 170; T. Freilighuysen 150.

1848. President—Z. Taylor 163; Lewis Cass 267. Vice President—Millard Fillmore 153; W. O. Butler 127.

1852. President—Franklin Pierce 254; Winfield Scott 43. Vice President W. R. King 254; Wm. A. Graham 43.

TO THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

The Elders and Rulers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to the Saints in the United States of America.

Dear Brethren, Faithful followers of the Lord and Recipients of his Grace.—We call upon you to stand firm to the principles of our religion in the coming contest for the President of the country. Our duty is plain. There are two principal parties in this country—one is for us and the other against us.

The Democratic Convention in Cincinnati which nominated James Buchanan for President, passed the following resolution:

“Resolved, That Congress has no power under the Constitution to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that all such States are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs not prohibited by the Constitution.”

This is a principle of the domestic party, which they have extended to the territories as well as States, and the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty applies to every thing appertaining to their own affairs not prohibited by the Constitution.

The Democratic party is the instrument, in God's hand, by which is to be effected our recognition as a sovereign State, with the domestic institutions of Slavery and Polygamy, as established by the patriarchs and prophets of old, under divine authority, and renewal to the saints of latter day through God's chosen rulers and prophets.

In the Republican convention assembled at Philadelphia, which nominated John C. Fremont for President, it was

“Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power, it is both right and imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.”

This is a blow aimed directly at our rights as citizens of one of the territories, at our sacred institutions and our holy religion.

Saints of the latter days, to whom God reveals his will through his chosen prophets, stand steadfast in your faith: for the time is at hand which was foretold by the prophet of old, and recorded in the Ancient Scriptures: “And in that day shall seven women lay hold of one man, and they will say, let us eat of our own bread and wear our own apparel—only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.”

Given by order of the President and Rulers, at Great Salt Lake, on the fourteenth day of August, 1856.

Curious Historical Fact.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the History of the Rebellion, was a Welch pot-girl, who, being extremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. Amongst those who frequented the tap at the brewery, was Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and now at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery bench, and was afterwards celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

The eldest daughter, the offspring of the Union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp railing on the subject, finished by saying, “James, as you have brewed, so you must drink,” and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James II. mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated the enviable consummation in the person of the amiable duceess. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William III, and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the *ex-de-vant* pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

THAT'S SO.—Here's an item we find “boasting around loose” on the sea of reading. If a bachelor may be allowed to judge of such things, we should say that was a vast deal of truth in it: “That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand, so unfeeling, so lost to loving-kindness, as to withstand such influence, and break away from such a home.”

DREADFUL STATE OF POLITICS. We take the following extract from one of our city papers:

“Still less respect have I for those Reverend politicians who are found descending from their pulpits, dragging their sacred garments through the cesspools of political strife, besmearing all the character they have heretofore professed, and dishonoring the cause they pretend to defend.”

We have never dared to defend those ministers who have left the pulpit to preach politics. But if politics is so mean, dirty and sinful as is represented above, we may be compelled to change our sentiments on the subject, and may urge ministers and Christians to pitch in to it, as they would into a herd of reproaches, to moralize, if not convert the whole mass.

[Buffalo Christian Advocate.

Trust the plain and positive spoken promise, when you cannot see through the dark clouds of Providence. The present gloomy night may terminate in a bright and glorious morning.

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at the morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the latest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

Board Wanted.

A gentleman and lady without encumbrance, desire, etc.

One sees queer things set in little type in the newspapers, sometimes, conveying by implication all sorts of doctrines, disclosing people's ideas of happiness, when they least suspect it, and affording a view to the faith in many a heart that is a seal of back to those that know it best, and yet all set forth so many times daily in a dull advertisement.

Sometimes, as in this agate expression of “a want,” we have people's definition of things, which set Webster and Johnson at defiance.

“Without encumbrance!” What young mother, when she feels for the first time her first born's breath, would ever imagine is the new blossoming of her new love, that any where beneath the sun there should exist a lexicon, wherein under the E's it should read thus:

ENCUMBRANCE, n. A young human being; a child.

There! What do you think of that, ye old-fashioned grandmothers, whose love is visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation? “Rachel weeping for her encumbrances;” “there am I and the encumbrances thou hast given me!” “And the leopard shall lie down with the lamb, and a little encumbrance shall lead them!”

Those little motives in pink and fair dimity, that stir the pulses like a clarion, that nerve up the weary and light up the hope, and fill up the sighing with song, are encumbrances!

So when the sweet little candidates for heaven's kingdom, that dance around the threshold of the open heart and enter unbidden; that keep the world from growing old in sorrow and in sin, are encumbrances all.

And when they are elected, for so alas! they sometimes are, as the green sward broken into little billows every where, and the Rubells that will not be comforted, so sadly attest, think ye when the mother rocks the empty cradle, and looks upon the unexpressed pillow, and finds in the “rill” a silken tress and a pair of little shoes that were laid aside for sandals of light, that she finds the name of the wearer under the E's?

That when the poet sighed,
“There is no Rock-hammer whetted and tended,
But one dead lump of barren
There is no flint-knower ever defended,
But both one vacant chair—”

or when he who sang the “Airs of Palestine,” declared
“I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunny head,
Is ever bounding round my study chair,”

that either of them dreamed the burden of the song was a mortgage, and not rather one last out of the visible heavens—that set

“As she sets the morning star, that goes not down,
Behind the darkened West, nor hides obscured
Amid the tempests of the sky, but melts
Away into the light of Heaven.”

May the hearths, the thresholds, and the hearts of the world never be without “encumbrances!” let them all be mortgaged to them who “like the planets are nearest the sun.”—[Chicago Journal.

The Leopard's Attack.

The power of a leopard is wonderful in proportion to his weight. I have seen a full-grown bullock with its neck broken by the leopard that attacked it. It is the popular belief that the effect is produced by a blow of the paw. This is not the case. Few leopards rush boldly to the attack, like a dog. They stalk their game, and advance crouching, making use of every object that will afford them cover, until they are within a few bounds of their prey. Then the immense power of muscle is displayed in the concentrated energy of the spring. He flies through the air and settles on the throat, usually throwing his own body over the animal, while his teeth and claws are fixed on the neck; this is the manner in which the spine of the animal is broken, by a sudden twist, and not by a blow. The blow from the paw is, nevertheless, immensely powerful, and one stroke will rip open a bullock like a knife, but the effects of the wound are still more to be dreaded than the force of the blow. There is a peculiar poison in the claw, which is highly dangerous. This is caused by the putrid flesh which they are constantly tearing, and which is apt to cause gangrene by inoculation.—Bucher's Wanderings in Ceylon.

VENUE.—The Montpelier “Daily Journal” of the 13th has returns from 220 towns in this State, which give the following aggregate:

Fremont	37,802
Buchanan	9,974
Fillmore	567

Fremont's plurality, 27,828.—The towns to be heard from will increase this to nearly or quite 30,000.

The Hon. Geo. T. Hodges, Republican, is elected to Congress in the First District, in place of the Hon. Jas. Mescham, deceased, by a majority of about 3000.

Sunken War Vessels at Sebastopol to be Raised by an American.—John E. Gowin, Esq., of Boston, Mass., who is now in Russia, has just entered into a contract with the Russian Government to raise the ships of war and other vessels, 33 in number, sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol during the siege. It will be remembered that Mr. Gowin, under contract with our Government, succeeded, after repeated efforts of the British engineers had failed, in raising the wreck of United States steamer Missouri, sunk in the harbor of Gibraltar. Mr. Gowin will commence operations in the harbor of Sebastopol next spring.

[Boston Times.

A covetous desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential, and the taste of whose fruit is death.

Every eye loves beauty, and there is no countenance, not blushed or deformed by guilt, that may not—indeed does not—brighten and gladden some devoted soul.

Man regards as an eternity—first the present hour, then his youth, then his century, then the duration of the earth, then that of heaven, and finally, time.

If we would give ourselves only half an hour's reflection at the close of every day, we would preach to ourselves several of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.

Camp Meeting Talk.

A chap down South went to a camp meeting and gives the following amusing account of a disjointed conversation he heard there:

“Preaching had not begun, and promising was in progress. We took a convenient stand, and I tried to catch the remarks of the various couples, as they went slowly by.”

“